

The History of

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to, these nine in Buck-  
rom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their poynts being broken.

*Poy.* Downe fell his hose.

*Fal.* Began to giue me ground, but I followed me close, came  
in foot & hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! I leuer buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three mis-begotten knaues,  
in Kendall greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it  
was so darke, *Hall*, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets them, grosse  
as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou  
knotty-pated foole, thou horson obscene greasie tallow catch.

*Fal.* What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the  
truth?

*Prin.* Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendall  
greene, when it was so darke thou couldst not see thy hand?  
come tell vs your reason. What sayst thou to this?

*Poy.* Come, your reason, *lack*, your reason.

*Fal.* What, vpon compulsion? *Zounds*, and I were at the  
strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on  
compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were  
as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vpon  
compulsion, I.

*Prin.* He bee no longer guilty of this sinne. This sanguine cow-  
ward, this bed-prester, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill  
of flesh.

*Fal.* *Zblood* you starueling, you elfskiano, you dried neats-  
tongue, this pizzle, you stock-fish: O for breath to utter what  
is like thee? you taylors yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you  
vile standing tucke.

*Prin.* Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou  
hast tried by selfe in base comparisons, heare me speake but thus.

*Poy.* Marke, *lacke*.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure and bound them, &  
were masters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale shall  
put you downe: then did we two set on you foure, and with a  
word

Henry the Fourth.

word, outfac'd you fro your prize, and haue it, yea, & can shew  
it you here in the house: and *Falstaffe*, you carried your guts a-  
way as nimble, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, &  
still run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou  
to hacke thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in  
fight? what trick? what deuice? what starting hole canst thou  
now finde out, to hide thee from this open & apparant shame?

*Poy.* Come lets heare, *lack*, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee.  
Why heare you masters, was it for mee, to kill the Heire ap-  
parant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou know-  
est I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware instinct, the Lyon  
will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a  
coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and  
thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true  
Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am glad you haue the money.  
Hostesse clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow:  
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold, all the titles of good fel-  
lowship come to you. What, shall we be merry? shall we haue  
a Play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall bee, thy running away.

*Fal.* A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou louest me. Enter Hostesse.

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now my Lady the Hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Hof.* Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore,  
would speake with you: he sayes he comes from your father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and  
send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Hof.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grauity ext of his Bed at mid-night? Shall  
I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee doe, *lack*.

*Fal.* Faith, and Ie send him packing.

*Prin.* Now lirs: *birdy* you fought faire, so did you *Peto*, so  
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon instinct,  
you will not touch the true Prince, no, sic.

*Bar.* Faith, ran when I saw others runne.

E

Prince.